VOL. I.—No. 15. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 22, 1868. Price One Penny.

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The quoted adjective is taken from the bills. Bills being notoriously infallible, we must take them at their word. The piece, then, is celebrated; but what it is celebrated for, we are at a loss to know. Having been adapted from the French by Dr. Westland Marston, of course the dialogue has some good points, and the situations are fairly effective; but, beyond that, little can be said in its praise. A piece like this proves adaptation from the French to be a mania. That a dramatist should desire to adapt a capital French play, is very natural and proper enough; but that he should go and adapt a play like this, is an act of temporary insanity. It is absurd to say these adaptations prove the dearth of English talent. A man like Dr. Westland Marston, together with a cigar, could have composed a better plot than this in half an-hour. Probably he has had his orders. We suspect these translations from the French, with which English dramatic authorship is twitted, show the policy of managers rather than the incapacity of authors. A poor nobleman, using his Christian name, accepts the office of a steward in a rich family. He and the daughter of the house mutually fall in love, but are kept estranged by the arts of a governess till the end of the piece, when they make matters up. A passable plot enough; but what is there in it to deserve transplanting from one language into another? That dramatic author is indeed a fool, who has not half-a-dozen better outlined in his head. Put upon the Haymarket stage, with that care and elegance with which all new pieces are mounted there, and represented by the splendid abilities of the Haymarket company, it makes a very pleasant evening's entertainment; but brought out upon a small provincial stage, and interpreted by a provincial company, the inherent poverty of the piece becomes apparent. The audience, on the first night, appreciated it at its right value. The house was full, and prepared to be enthusiastic; but even the prologue took the spirit out of it, and the first act completed its prostration. We venture to say, nine of every ten persons present were bitterly disappointed. There was no emotion roused, and very little laughter. Deprived of the talents of their London representatives, the characters came out in all their insipidity. Few who saw Mr. Bishop's rendering of De Vaudray could conceive the glorious coxcomb Mr. Compton elevates him into. Rather a bore than otherwise in Mr. Bishop's hands, Mr. Compton makes him the character of the piece. To begin with, Mr. Bishop looks too young; and to end with, the fortnight's study which he evidently has devoted to Mr. Compton, ought to have taught him that Mr. Compton is inimitable. Peerless in all his parts, Mr. Compton infuses into this one a peculiar drollery, unlike his ordinary drollery, which makes it still more difficult of imitation. We acknowledge it is hard on Mr. Bishop to institute this comparison, but he has drawn it upon himself. Mr. P. Rae—always a conscientious actor—represents the feeble, remorseful, wandering, old Dumont—so beautifully played by Mr. Chippendale—in a careful manner, but he does not succeed in ridding one of the fear one generally feels, when such a character is on the stage, lest he should break down. Miss Marie Glynne, as a snivelling relative of the family, made the best of her part; that is, made it a tolerable nuisance. It is indeed a martyrdom to have to play such a character, but dramatic authors have no bowels of compassion for poor actresses, and Miss Glynne may console herself with the knowledge that its London representative—Mrs. Fitzwilliam—made no more of it. Great credit is due to both these ladies: it is not the author's fault that the part is not an *in*tolerable nuisance. What humour there is in a woman's continually breaking out in a fresh place, only a dramatic author can conceive. Of course, some people laugh; but some people will laugh at anything that is sufficiently dreary. Mr. Raymond makes a bluff and hearty Dr. Lafitte; and Miss Ada Cavendish—the daughter—acts the haughty passages of her part with style. Her delineation of the sentimental passages is rather hard and harsh, but her acting fairly ranks the second in the piece.

Mr. Sothern's, of course, ranks the first. This representation of the handsome, all-accomplished steward is eminently gentlemanly. But we are afraid that is all we can say in its praise. Mr. Sothern possesses this same quality of gentlemanliness—the rarest on the stage—in a marked degree; but, after all, it is not a very satisfying thing. It is a negative rather than a positive virtue. Thus, his portrayal of the hero of romance is meritorious, because it does not displease us, rather than because it pleases us. The character of the high-minded, high-born gentleman is such that the least trace of vulgarity would be insufferable in it. Mr. Sothern does not give us the least trace; and, in the fact that he is pretty nearly the only actor who could avoid so doing, consists his excellence. Beyond this, we fail to see any particular merit in his acting. It may be justly said that of a man who paints to perfection, plays the piano, breaks in wild horses, conquers savage dogs, duels invincibly, burns his own birthright, and leaps for honour from the Tower of Elfen—no actor in the world could make a satisfactory hero. We lose our patience at his perfection. Therefore, Mr. Sothern is not to be grumbled at for not much pleasing us. But, irrespectively of the preposterous perfection of the character, Mr. Sothern is not adapted to it. Save his good looks and gentlemanly demeanour, he has not any of the qualities the part requires. Even so far as looks go, he has not the appearance of the athletic hero he ought to look. But in his inability to be pathetic lies his chief unfitness. In criticising one of Mr. Sothern's sentimental parts—we think it was this very one—a London critic said, no aspersion had ever been more

triumphantly refuted than that cast on Mr. Sothern by those persons who prophesied he never would be able to play any part well but Dundreary; adding that his subsequent performances had proved conclusively that he could not only excite the most uproarious merriment, but could thrill the inmost cords of the human heart. Even London dramatic criticism never passed a more unwarranted eulogy. Mr. Sothern never yet thrilled a human heart, and never will. We defy any man with Mr. Sothern's qualities to thrill a human heart. Neither his face nor his voice can express emotion. This is no censure of Mr. Sothern, as an actor. It is simply saying that sentimental parts are not his forte. He walks through them. He slips the words out of his mouth so quickly that they scarcely can be heard, and raises and lowers his voice, at intervals, by a purely mechanical movement. This declamation is not passion; it is simply Mr. Sothern shouting; what little expression gets on to his face is put on by his muscles, not by his feelings; and his general appearance—though neat and handsome—is not heroic in the least. Even his gentlemanliness, at times, deserts him: not that he is ever vulgar, but that he is occasionally almost rude. At times, he treats the lady he is speaking to as no gentleman would treat a lady in life. This is especially remarkable when the character he is interpreting is supposed to be hurt at the lady's conduct: instead of being offended in a dignified manner, he gets doggedly pettish. This is very unheroic. In the piece under consideration all these faults are conspicuous. He turns out his sentimental sentences as if he had been wound up. In any hands, the character of "Victor, Marquis de Tourville," would seem an impossibility; but, in Mr. Sothern's, it appears a greater impossibility than it need. He is not a hero, but a zero of romance. When Mr. Sothern starts off up the tower—preparatory to the leap—he sets off as if he were running in a donkey race; and his ineffective delivery of the short speech, "It is honour!" as he plunges down, quite commonplaces the situation.

How the piece would have been borne, if the tedious conclusion with which it originally ended had been retained, we tremble to think. As it was, it dragged wearily. The applause was very slight, if we except the greeting which the famous leap received; and that was a tribute to the athletic not the histrionic powers of the actor. Such an incident is enough, artistically, to damn a good piece; but a poor one, like the *Hero of Romance*, is improved by it. But Mr. Sothern's fame is not improved by it. Every time an actor appears to disadvantage, he loses caste; and Mr. Sothern should consider whether the exhibition of himself as a bad hero is compensated for by the credit of being a good athlete. The perversity of actors is proverbial; but Mr. Sothern's reputation is too great for him to trifle with. Why will he persist in acting badly parts he cannot act well? Why does not he confine himself to those eccentric ones in which he is unique and exquisite?

The Tower of Elfen and the rest of the scenery reflect credit on Mr. Herberte; and amongst the congratulations due to minor personages, Mr. Sothern's tailor should not be forgotten. We cannot extend our compliments to his hatter. The disreputable white billycock, which half-smothers him, in the garden scene, may be all very well for London, but it won't do for Manchester. Have we not a Jardine and a Gee?

TO THE WINDSOR CHAPEL BRAWLERS.

[A disgraceful scene, arising out of a division in the congregation respecting the Sunday School, occurred at the Windsor Independent Chapel, Salford, last Sunday. Shortly after the opening of morning school, by the Rev. T. G. Lee, a body of his opponents made their appearance, and endeavoured to force an entrance to the Chapel; they were resisted, and a riot of some hours' duration ensued. Stones, sticks, eggs were thrown, hand-to-hand encounters took place, and when, at last, the police interfered, to save the building, the leaders of the attack mounted a rostrum, and engaged in singing and prayer! The minister was ultimately followed to his home by a yelling mob, who threatened his life, and afterwards amused themselves by howling around his house and smashing the windows.]

Oh, righteous zealots! burning lamps, whose light
Thus gleams the darkened ways of men among;
Staunch faith defenders, who for truth would fight,
And honour God by strength of arm and lung!
Ye stern disciples who, impassioned, burn
To teach the sheep ye deem are far astray,
From wicked walks their wand'ring feet to turn,
Erewhile to heaven ye point your private way;
Who prove by curses ye are fit to preach;
Who shew by brawls how ye His house could rule;
Whose aptness prove the law of love to teach
To little ones within His Sabbath school,
By desecration of His house of prayer,
By hounding on a brutal rabble rout
To break the quiet of the Sabbath air
With fiendish yell, and loud, hoarse, horrid shout
For wolfish vengeance on the teacher's head,
To whom ye listened with rapt look of yore;
Who shrieked of murder as he homewards fled,
And yelled fierce curses round his closèd door!

What scorn befits you? ye who dared to raise
Fanaticism's hellish passions vile
In savage ignorance, and take the praise
Of pious purpose to yourselves the while;
Who, with a mockery of holy awe,
Could lift your hands before His awful face,
And trampling fiercely on his broken law,
With impious voices supplicate His grace!
Prayer on your tongues, a prayer for holy life
And peace of soul, that but His love can know;
And in your hearts a very hell of strife—
Foul, fiercest passions burning deep below;
Prayer in your mouths, that He enthroned above
Would look in mercy from His highest heaven,
And your transgressions, with forbearing love,
Forgive, as others were by you forgiven;
And in your hearts the fiercest, blackest hate
Of those who with you had meet worship shewn;
Who side by side had lowly bowed but late
With you, to supplicate before His throne!

Out! Shame upon you! Hypocritic brood,
Who thus dishon'ring, could blasphemous dare
To seek His ear with your unholy feud—
To fight with praise and raise a party prayer!

LEGITIMATE SPECULATION.—Taking a *share* in a conversation.

A REVIVALIST CAMP MEETING.

[HOLLINGWORTH LAKE.]

IF the past summer had been remarkable for nothing else, it would at least be kept in pleasant memory as the most prolific season on record, so far as picnics are concerned. There have been few afternoons since the beginning of May that we have not gazed admiringly on the triumphal progress of 'bus loads of excursionists rattling along behind teams of greys in the direction of Alderley or Bowdon, or heard them boisterously returning in the dead of night. A splendid summer for *al fresco* tea fights and rural flirtations, earwigs slightly less omnipresent than usual, and damp grass not to be procured at any price. Our friends the Revivalists, it seems, are determined to be in the fashion, and some time last week they made up their minds to adjourn for a season from their stuffy meeting places in Medlock-street and Downing-street to the neutral ground of Hollingworth. Who may have been the ingenious Revivalist who hit upon Hollingworth Lake as a fit place for such a gathering deserves a slight tribute for the excellence of the idea. We journeyed to this bower of bliss in the same carriage with half-a-dozen of the gentlemen who were to take a leading part in the afternoon exercises, and profited by the occasion so far as to ascertain what we could of the progress the Revivalists were making. On this point they seemed quite satisfied, and we were told that branches had been opened in most of the surrounding towns, and were flourishing exceedingly.* One of the principal advantages of Hollingworth as a place of meeting is that it is central and easily accessible by rail from all these points. At Rochdale and Middleton large contingents of Revivalists were taken up, so that on our arrival at Hollingworth we found ourselves, with sundry Yorkshire accessions, one of a much more numerous body than we had expected.

From the station the majority wended their way slowly up the stony little burlesque of a road that leads to the lake, while a score or so of the ruling spirits lingered on the bridge to distribute notices of future meetings and penny hymn books. With but a few exceptions the members of the Band were of the operative class, but of the most obviously respectable character. All were attired in the sober suits of black, which the genuine British workman thinks indispensable to the proper observance of Sabbaths and other religious festivals. The exceptional individuals to whom we have referred affected suits of tweed, and satchels well stuffed with tracts and hymn books, with which they did a large stroke of business. When the tail end of the miscellaneous gathering had dragged itself well in advance of the lingerers, they formed themselves into procession, and followed slowly to the strains of an air which, with some slight degree of astonishment, we recognised as that familiar effort of the Christy Minstrels and beloved of organ grinders—"Annie Lisle." The words of the hymn we could not catch, but the tune was unmistakable. The procession was headed by a middle-aged lady, whom we had the pleasure of hearing on the platform in Medlock-street, and a young man who has acted as secretary of the Band. Our progress was somewhat slow, but it is hardly possible to get over the ground in quick time to the accompaniment of a melody which has to be taken "slow and with feeling," even when tambourine and banjo take part in its execution. But there were other hymns sung to more orthodox music, and between the intervals a few of the more restless spirits "lilted" scraps of sacred melody for their private gratification, which, gradually catching on the ears of their immediate neighbours, swelled into a general chorus of pious jubilation.

The place of meeting for the whole body was a knoll of ground adjoining the Lake Hotel, on the other side of the pool. When we arrived at the rendezvous, a band of musicians were discoursing brazen strains in the vain hope of decoying excursionists into the investment of their stray twopences at the gate of a dancing platform. Pending the commencement of the proceedings, the more youthful of the Band collected around the boards, and watched the evolutions of a couple of aborigines who were involved inextricably in the complications of what was evidently meant for a polka. Who can tell what would have been the consequences of this immoral exhibition if the leaders of the expedition had not taken the necessary steps with the utmost promptitude? The eyes of sundry youthful Revivalists had already begun to display an ominous glitter, and in ten minutes more a rush of the less stable-minded might have been made upon those convivial boards. It was hardly in the power of human nature—human nature under five-and-twenty—to have resisted for any length of time that seductive cornet and the well-timed bangs of that sweetly persuasive drum. But the shepherd was equal to the occasion, and, taking his post by the side of a convenient waggon which had been placed on the top of an adjacent knoll, he took counsel of his more staid companions as to the readiest means of summoning the scattered sheep. "Let's have a sing," suggested an impassive looking personage, who was afterwards announced as a converted collier; "that'll fetch 'em up fast enough." This proposition was carried *nemine contradicente*, and the faithful few who had gathered together lifted up their voices in the following manner:—

I never shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away,
I was enslaved, but Jesus saved,
And I was free in Israel made.
Above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell,
And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

We may mention for the benefit of those who admire the stanza we have given as a sample of the complete production, that it was sung with great effect to the time-honoured tune of "Buffalo gals, are you comin' out to night," and that the words fit in with the notes of the original melody in the most satisfactory manner. We can hardly say, with any degree of truth, that the intentions of the singers were completely realized. The "note did swell," and amazingly too, considering the small force brought to bear. The lungs of the band, individually and collectively, are beyond suspicion, and if they had confined themselves to an attempt at "making the welkin ring," or any of the old-fashioned modes of testifying to their freedom from bronchial affections, their success would have been indisputable. But silencing that determined Lancashire band was altogether another matter. The hymn had an effect, however. The stragglers meandered gradually up to the scene of operations, the offending band was extinguished by a verbal remonstrance couched in ordinary colloquial prose, the speakers mounted the two-wheeled rostrum by the help of a couple of empty beer casks, and everybody settled themselves down for a few hours' dispensation of comfortable "crumbs of doctrine." We don't pretend to say that we "assisted" at the whole of the afternoon's exercises. We don't think any one did. Every one did just as they liked, and went through the business in a peripatetic sort of way, which, considering the heat of the day and the exposed situation of the temple, was an agreeable arrangement. The speakers rendered themselves liable to sunstroke and burst blood-vessels for various periods, ranging from five minutes to a quarter of an hour; the audience listened at intervals to individual "vessels" whom they held most in favour, and now and then strolled to the front of the hotel, or refreshed themselves by a flying trip on one of the crowded little steamers to the opposite shore of the lake. Everybody who pleased had an innings, and gave an account of his own unregenerate career, the mode of his conversion, and the state of felicity in which he then found himself, with just such an amount of detail as the state of his lungs and the heat of a burning sun would allow him. There was apparently one stereotyped way, and one way only, of getting through the work. Each commenced his outpourings in a calm, restrained, dispassionate strain, much as if he were talking of something he didn't care in the least about, and before he had been speaking a minute and a half, he had climbed to the top note of his voice, and was shrieking out his experiences at the rate of a couple of hundred words a minute. We didn't see any one dismount from the cart during the whole afternoon—with the exception of the president, who restricted himself to the mere introduction of the notabilities—who wasn't in the last stage of exhaustion. It seemed to be a point of honour that each speaker should bring himself to a panting condition in the shortest possible space of time, and if any one flagged in the slightest degree, the interjectional "Praise the Lords," "Amens," "Glory, Hallelujahs," and sonorous "Hums," rolled out from his expectant colleagues fast and furious. The crowd seemed chiefly interested with the appearance of the individuals whom the president announced as "converted colliers," "reformed drunkards," and such like

*It may be mentioned here—a fact of which the public is, perhaps, hardly aware—that the Revivalists are not a sect at all. They include members of all persuasions, who simply aim to induce people who have never attended any place of worship to join some religious communion.

partially obtrusive epithets, and to pay much less attention to the efforts of those with whose previous state of bondage they had become familiar. A very sensible impression was made upon the crowd by the president's introduction of one gentleman in particular. "He's been in prison scores of times; he doesn't know how many times he's been there, do you?" said he, speaking down to the candidate for popular applause, who was hidden in the theory around the cart. "That's pretty hot, isn't it?" asked he of the assemblage in general, who seemed to agree with him. Thinking a downright hardened thief good business, we, with the rest of the crowd, pushed forward to have a view of the crowning triumph of revivalism; but whether he shrank from too great a measure of popularity, or was oppressed with a misplaced attack of overweening modesty, the triumph wouldn't show; so we sang a hymn instead.

Whenever speakers were backward, and during the interval when a general state of exhaustion prevailed, we sang hymns. In fact, some few didn't seem to know when to leave off. This idiosyncracy of the non-speaking portion of the assemblage was displayed in a marked manner by a little old man who joined the procession at Littleborough. He was a very little old man, and he wore, in addition to a collar of enormous magnitude, a large pair of horn spectacles, and the largest, and oldest, and oddest hat, we have ever had the pleasure of inspecting, a sort of cross between Fra Diavolo's head covering and the modern stove-pipe. This little old gentleman very nearly disturbed the beautiful harmony of the proceedings. A "reformed prizefighter," about whose original calling there could be no possible mistake, mounted the cart to say a few words. If he had commenced operations at once, everything would have gone right; but he made the mistake of giving out a hymn to start with, during the execution of which he employed himself in mopping his short-cropped head and full muscular face with a red cotton handkerchief. At the conclusion of the first stanza, he was about to address the assemblage, and had positively got as far as "Friends and brethren," when the little old man, evidently not having had enough exercise for his lungs, started the refrain again. Of course, the crowd chimed in, and got to the end of the stanza with mutual satisfaction. Again the reclaimed pugilist gave a preliminary cough, and, again, despite the savage downward glances of the illustrious ornament of the P. R., at it the little old fellow went again, unconscious of everything but the fact that he was acting as the authorised fugleman of the assemblage. This went on till we really thought the little man would have fallen in for some unpleasant consequences, till, just as the patience of the pugilist was finally evaporating, the persistent muscian ceased his exertions, and left his big brother in full possession of the field.

Human nature can hardly be expected to endure a state of uncontrolled religious enthusiasm for more than three hours at a time, and at the conclusion of about that period, an adjournment was proposed for tea. Nobody had refreshed themselves during that thirsty afternoon that we could see, with the solitary exception of a young revivalist with worldly proclivities—if we may judge from his costume, which was benightedly gorgeous—whom we detected slaking his throat with a glass of ginger beer. Of course we were all ready for the modest refection proposed. While the majority sat down to a home-made banquet of sandwiches in brown paper, half a hundred or so adjourned to the hotel, and displayed a cheerful alacrity in piously dispensing of numerous jorums of tea, mounds of bread and butter, and huge flaps of cold beef, which would have done credit to the visitors at an agricultural show. We believe there were some arrears of speaking that had to be worked off after tea, but we cannot speak from our own knowledge. We all reached the train somehow, and, after waiting not more than three-quarters of an hour for the train beyond its time, we returned to Manchester, the journey being enlivened by the singing of all the known hymns that had not been ventured upon in course of the afternoon.

Perhaps some of our readers may think we have been disposed to treat what is after all a serious subject with an undue amount of levity. We don't know, though there was much temptation, that we felt very much disposed to laugh during the afternoon in question. There is much that is ridiculous in the manner of the people we have been speaking of, and at whatever is truly ridiculous we may, perhaps, be allowed to give our risible faculties a little liberty. But at the downright earnestness of purpose displayed by most of the people with whom we journeyed, we do not feel in the least disposed to sneer. Their aim is a good one, and they are making more progress than will be generally believed, a fact which we are not inclined to deplore. Their personal peculiarities, their extraordinary fits of enthusiasm which are occasionally carried beyond the verge of mere silliness, and their absurdly written sacred poetry, are matters no one with the slightest sense of humour can treat with a decent gravity.

THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

DOINGS OF THE CRACKS.

SINCE the termination of the season at St. Stephens, Westminster, most of the horses engaged have returned to their stables to be trained for future events. No time is being lost, for, although next racing season does not commence until November, both old and young horses are already doing good work. Annexed are a few notices of what is going on in this neighbourhood.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE STAKES (West Derby). — Notwithstanding the very severe work which Demosthenes has gone through during the past season, he did a rasping gallop the other day at St. Helens, and gave his supporters satisfaction. He was accompanied by Lord Sefton's horse Greenfields, whom he pulled over all the way. The latter is slow in his paces, and it will require the assistance of Demosthenes to pull him through. The rumour that the crack's wind was affected proves to be quite wrong, as he galloped for nearly two hours, and was very long-winded indeed, going over the same ground again and again. His own brother Robertson was on the ground, but was not in the trial, and has been kept prudently muzzled since the exhibition he made of himself some weeks since.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE STAKES (Salford Hundred).—Only three horses have as yet entered for this event—Worsley by Bridgewater out of Trust, Red Tape by Old Sir Robert, and Harry Thompson by Dicky Sam. Worsley is so well known in this neighbourhood that he requires no description. He first won the race ten years since, and has carried it off in every contest since, having defeated Demosthenes in 1865. The latter however got a place. Trained on the course, he knows every inch of it, and although it has been somewhat altered, it is not likely to make much difference to him, at least so his supporters think. Worsley is now in his prime and in good condition. So far as looks go, a handsomer horse does not exist, and he is as like his sire as possible. Red Tape is well known from his contests over the Bury course, with Bury Bob, by whom he was defeated on the last occasion, when there was a good deal of rowdyism displayed. He has long been out of sorts, and it was at one time feared that he had completely broken down. Judicious treatment has, however, brought him round. He is a delicate animal, but easily trained, and has none of that robust go in him which his brother Young Sir Robert has so large a share of. Both horses—Red Tape and his brother—are well known at St. Stephens, where they are familiarly termed Joseph and Charles Surface. Harry Thompson, better known as Yates, contested this race in 1865, and was defeated. He acquitted himself very well as a youngster, and we think there is good stuff in him.

He is allied to Bury Bob and old Mark Tapley, and can stand very hard work. This contest will be very interesting.

MANCHESTER CUP.—Turvey-drop and Jacobite are going on all right. The old horse had a good gallop last week in his collars and wristbands, and was looking well. Windbag is in better favour than he was, and is strongly supported by the Thomas-street, Tib-street, and New-cross division. His action is very corky, and he gets over the ground quickly. The Old Harry colt, out of Portland-street, had a good gallop in Hanging Ditch on Monday last. He seems all right, but there is too much mystery about him.

SALFORD CUP.—The Stalybridge Infant and Stockbroker were both at exercise last week. The younger horse, who we are glad to see has recovered from his late severe attack, showed some nervousness at starting, but went very steadily when extended. Two fresh horses have entered for the cup. The Engineer, by Constitution, out of Moderation. He is a very respectable horse, home-bred and home-trained, with little pretensions to pace, but can stay well. His companion is from the Great Northern (Circuit) Stable, and "Champagne Charlie is his name."

ROCHDALE STAKES.—This contest is likely to result in a walk-over. Buleyhilly, own brother to Yellow (haired) Jack, has it all his own way at present, which probably he does not object to, as although his sire's motto was, "work, work, work," Buleyhilly has such a tendency to lay on flesh that hard work must be a burden to him. From his peculiar name we should think he must be allied to Captain Machell's horse Blinkhoolie.

STAFFORD CUP.—The Mayor has been to Stafford and had a trial which pleased his party, and we believe his party with the Judges at B. O. Hall pleased him. There is a report that Pale Ale, the winner last time, will be kept for another race.

HALIFAX HANDICAP.—Here is a surprise for the public. Greenwig, by Greenhorn out of Bombast, has actually entered for this race. We know little of him, and don't want to know any more. Some say he is a good horse, at a distance. In this case we should say it lent enchantment to the view. We have heard of Wire-pullers winning races, but we never heard of wire-drawers doing so.

The Engineer's colours are orange.

The Expender's are salmon colour.

Windbag's colours are nailed to the mast.

Tom Boshley has given up his mount on CAR OF PROGRESS, and is engaged to ride TRANSITION.

FROM THE SEASIDE.

Friend Younghusband, who is spending his honeymoon at Scarbro', says that although he has not had an opportunity, in consequence of the mildness of the weather, of listening to the war of the "tumultuous deep," Mrs. Y. has been repeatedly gratified by hearing the wild Sea-mew.

THE NEXT "SENSATION HEADER."—Ernest Jones at the top of the poll.

A FORTUNATE MISS-TAKE.—Catching a rich husband.

THE FOREST OF ROSSENDALE.

Oft, from the forest, wildings he would bring.—SPENSER.

THERE is a peculiar tract of hill and dale in Lancashire known, even in the railway days, as "the Forest of Rossendale." It is very rare that such old boundary names live so long in the common mouth, after the usage and condition which made their significance have died out. But, though the woods and wild animals of this ancient chase have disappeared centuries ago, and the tall chimneys and mules and throstles of manufacture occupy the ground where feathered minstrels carolled to the rustle of summer's leaves, it is still familiarly known as "Rossendale Forest," in spite of maddapolams, grey shirtings, T cloths, telegraphs, and the Manchester Exchange. And, thanks to Mr. Thomas Newbigging, we have now a very interesting record of all that is known of that region, almost from the time when the wild deer and wolf "lapped its lonely streams," and the skin-clad Briton, with fiery eyes and unkempt hair, treaded its woods and thickets in search of prey, or roved its breezy mountain-tops "in the eye of light." At least we have, in this masterly volume, all that can be gathered from existing annals relative to the district, since the legions of old Rome marched along "Watling Street," on the west side of Musbury Tor, gazing with watchful wonder into the valley of the Irwell—probably, gloomy enough in those days, when its steep sides must have been clothed in primeval woods, and the banks of the river a tangled swamp. Rossendale has been, from time immemorial, a favourite hunting-ground, held by the kings of England, or, in partial right, by their feudal chieftains. It was, in fact, part of the vast tract of bleak hill and sylvan glen called "the Forest of Blackburnshire," which included, also, the forests of Pendle, Trawden, and Accrington. The names of places which still pertain to Rossendale bear a kind of historic evidence to its ancient condition—Boars-greave, Hogs-head, Sow-clough, Swin-shaw or Swine-shaw, Wolfenden, Wolf-stones, Wolfenden Booth, Craw-shaw Booth or Crow-shaw Booth, Deer-play, Stack-steads or Stag-steads, Stag-hills, Hart-hill, Buck-earth, Rock-cliff or Roe-cliff, and Cribden, which, the historian of Whalley says, "is pretty obviously *Kairn don*, the hill of stags. Here, then, when Robin Hood and his Saxon outlaws were ranging the wilds of Sherwood—the terror of all Norman wanderers of high degree—and when hart, hare, boar, and wolf, were more cared for than mankind, the fierce forest laws—"dog-draw," "stable-stand," "back-bear," and "bloody-hand"—were in full force, and every inhabitant of Rossendale, from twelve years of age upwards, was compelled to take the following oath :—

> "You shall true liege-man be,
> Unto the king's majestie:
> Unto the beasts of the forest you shall no hurt do,
> Nor to anything that doth belong thereunto:
> The offences of others you shall not conceal,
> But to the utmost of your power, you shall them reveal,
> Unto the officers of the forest,
> Or to them who may see them redrest:
> All these things you shall see done,
> So help you God at his Holy Doom."

But, now, the old woods of the forest are gone; its swamps are drained, and the unshaded land looks up at the sky; its valleys are dotted with spooming cotton-mills, wealthy mansions, and swarming villages; and its waters work as they run,—washing, scouring, turning wheels, and floating laden barges,—almost from the source to the sea. And, yet, Rossendale retains much of its ancient aspect. It is a picturesque land of green cloughs and wild uplands, still. To borrow an old simile,—crumple up a piece of paper tightly in the hand, then open it out again; and there you have a kind of epitome of the external appearance of the district called, "the Forest of Rossendale," as it appears now. "The natural features of a country are," indeed, "its most permanent monuments;" and the lofty, wind-swept solitudes of Rossendale still look calmly down upon the strange tide of activity which has crept up its valleys in this manufacturing age. *They*, at least, are unaltered; except where a little quarrying has made an almost indistinguishable scar, here and there, upon the mountain-side; or a faint tinge of cultivated greenness has struggled up into the sombre waste,—like a forlorn hope,—till the impregnable ruggedness of the rocky wild has defied its further advance. The banks of the rivers, and the low slopes of the valleys,

are, indeed, subdued to the new element they work in, "like the dyer's hand;" but the mountain-tops are still bleak and lonely, as when Roman sentinels paced the ramparts of the camp down at Walton-le-dale; they are almost unchanged in appearance as the ocean, which bears no mark of the keels which have cleaved its waves. In proud serenity they overlook those clustering hives of life, as if silently commenting upon the mutability of "being's ceaseless flow;" and when a Rossendale man uses the proverb, "as old as the hills," it seems as if he had unconsciously imbibed a sense of their dignified permanence. Perhaps those old moorland heights, lifted above the deluge of modern change, may again see the valleys of Rossendale as lonely as before the eye of man beheld them.

The natives of Rossendale,—like their own hills,—are of a rocky make. They are a strong-hearted, hard-headed, slow-and-sure, enduring race; and they are, generally, a good way through in person. These descendants of the sturdy churls of the forest would bide a good deal of hammering before they could be knocked out of their hereditary shape. They are singularly open-tempered and enterprising; and yet, they are a soil-bound generation, in some respects. They still speak of their native district,—with a kind of affectionate remembrance of what it has been,—as "Rossenda' Forest;" and the name smacks of heather-scented breezes and rustling woods. There is something of nature's wild freshness in the very sound. They, indeed, retain, in a remarkable degree, the old-world manners and language of their "fore-elders," who swore to keep the forest laws, "So help them God and his Holy Doom." And even on Manchester Exchange, "a Rossenda' chap" has something of "ken-speckle" primitiveness about him. He brings a kind of bracing mountain air with him into that swarming temple of commerce, which helps to keep its tricky atmosphere wholesome. They come of frank and manly races of men. And when we think of the strange combination of things which have made Lancashire the seat of the cotton manufacture,—we may almost say, the servant of the world, in that specialty,—it is not alone the meeting in that soil of those essential elements, coal, stone, clay, and water, in great abundance, but the presence upon the same spot, also, of a people of uncommon industry, enterprise, and determination of character,—a teachable people, thrifty, yet naturally generous,—a people, indeed, of rare working qualities, though not over sensitive, so far as sensibility "wears its heart upon its sleeve." The cold, moist climate of those hills is not favourable to the growth of weakly natures, though eminently calculated to strengthen the strong. Indeed, a race with less solidity and more brilliance of character,—a race over-mastered by the mere dandyisms of sensibility could not have done the work which was necessary to make Lancashire what it is. And yet these burly foresters have rare traits of true delicacy under the crust of their rude strength; as is well shewn in the extraordinary number of Rossendale men in humble life who are self-made students of science, especially of the science of music, which, perhaps, of all sciences, is the one most immediately connected with the finer sensibilities of the heart. There are whole villages, in those Rossendale hills, which have a kind of hereditary minstrel fame; as in the case of "the Larks of Dean,"—so well known all over Lancashire, for their love of sacred music. In the volume on the Forest of Rossendale, now before us, there are so many excellent things of varied interest, that it is impossible, within our limits, to do justice to the book by quoting such passages as would best shew its admirable quality; but the following, on "the Larks of Dean," will not be out of place here:—

"The inhabitants of the Dean Valley have long been celebrated for their excellence as musicians, both vocal and instrumental; and it is from this fact that their appellation of 'Deyghn Layrocks' has arisen. From records more than a century and a half old, we learn that they were in the habit of meeting in one another's houses by turns, and practising the compositions, sacred and secular, of which our county can boast in such rich abundance. Many pieces of their own composing bear the impress of ability far beyond mediocrity, and deserve to be more generally known. Some of these have, indeed, already gone abroad into the world, and are sung in places widely apart; being admired by those who are unable to recognize either their origin or authorship. * * * Numerous are the stories that are told of the modes in which the enthusiasm of the 'Layrocks' is or was displayed in their pursuit of the musical art. In hand-loom days, when every man's house was his work-shop, it was usual for the 'Deyghners' to repair to each other's houses alternately, after the Sunday's service at the chapel, and continue their practice of music far into the small hours of the Monday morning; and, on rising, after a brief repose, the Monday was spent in a similar manner. Very often the Tuesday also was devoted to the like purpose. * * * It is related of two of the 'Layrocks'—father and son—that they had long been busy trying to master a difficult piece of music, one with the violin, the other with the violincello, but were still unable to execute certain of the more intricate movements to their satisfaction. They had put their instruments aside for the night, and had retired to rest. After his 'first sleep,' the young enthusiast, in ruminating over the performance of the evening, thought that if he might only rise and attempt the piece *then*, he should be able to manage it. Creeping from under the bed-clothes, he awoke his father, who also arose; and soon the two in their shirts might have been seen, through the unscreened window, flourishing their bows at an hour when ordinary mortals are laid unconscious in the arms of Somnus. The lonely traveller, had there been one at that untimely hour, would, surely, like Tam o' Shanter, as he passed by 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk,' have felt his hair rising on end at the sight of the two ghostly individuals scraping music at the dead of night, and in such unwonted attire."

This incident is only one of hundreds, of the same temper, which illustrate the musical enthusiasm of these "Larks" of Rossendale;—and, indeed, of the Lancashire people in general; but, especially of those who dwell in the hilly districts. May the harps of Rossendale Forest never hang upon the willows! For,

> Souls, here, like planets in heaven,
> By harmony's laws, alone, are kept moving.

In spite of the influx of strange population during the manufacturing period, it is interesting to mark how largely the names of the old inhabitants of Rossendale prevail there, yet,—Ashworths, Ormrods, Haworths, Holts, Whitakers, Rawsthornes, Lords, Ramsbothams, Crawshaws, Nuttalls, and Hargreaves',—the old forest names,—they still cling to the soil, with wonderful tenacity. This, indeed, is more or less, noticeable in all country places. But, it is more remarkable, still, that, in Rossendale, the ancient fashion of nomenclature, which had its rise before the use of surnames, is quite common amongst them now; and Rossendale men, especially among the humbler classes, know one another familiarly as "Jem o'th Owd Sur's," "Twitterin' Tummy,' "Harry o' Mon John's," "Robin o' Tooter's," "Nathan o'th Change," "Dan o' Lung Ben's, o' Cribden," "Brown Tummy o' Hell Cloof," "Jerry o' Jone's o'th Cowpe Low," and "Dick o' Rough Cap's." This is one of those old customs which is more common in Lancashire than anywhere else in England.

But, as clouds sail across the sky, to return no more, so disappear "the fleeting manners of each succeeding age." The ancient "Reeve of Rossendale Forest"—who was Taxing-Officer and "Bang-Beggar" of the district,—to-day, levying rates, or tracking criminals, or relieving houseless wanderers—to-morrow, raising men for the wars, or repairing the stocks, or ordering a new bridle for scolding women, or a truncheon for a village constable,—the ancient "Reeve of the Forest" has given place to Benches of Magistrates, Poor-law Guardians, Local Boards, Sanitary Officers, and Factory Inspectors. The bull-baiting ground on Hammaton Green, at Bacup, near the old "Witchin' Hoile," is now occupied by the corn-mill yard. The long-bow and shooting-butts have been followed by Volunteer Rifles, and the cockpit by cricket, croquet, and the gymnasium. Of all "the beasts of the forest," the timid hare alone remains; the huntsman's horn is drowned in factory bells and railway whistles, and the chase is now in the direction of Manchester Exchange. The days of "watch and ward" are over. The old "Charlie" has disappeared, with his wooden rattle and nightly cry—"Past twelve o'clock, and a moonlight morning!" and now the blue-clad "Peeler" works his mildly, animated legs along the pavement, with wandering steps and slow; whilst the fire-engine dashes along the street, swarming with calm-featured heroes, with helmets on their brows and axes by their sides. The "Fence-keeper" and the "Pinder" have left the scene to street-sweepers, bill-stickers, and advertising sandwiches. "Bass's Bitter" and "Blue Ruin" have pushed the old home-brewed from its stool; and though the ancient "ale-taster" still holds his ground in Rossendale, the government gauger has him in full view, and, no doubt, will soon run him down. The churchwarden's staff is no longer a laughing-stock to the country alehouse, nor a terror to the Sabbath wanderers. Stocks, ducking-stools, witch-bridles, and Lucy's muzzle, have paled their ineffectual fire before Sunday-schools, mechanics' institutes, baths and wash-houses, cheap newspapers, and

the penny post. Religious and feudal tyranny are fading away before free trade, and the manifold emancipations that hang thereon. Our English and Irish world is all in a great simmer of change just now; and who can tell what the result is, till the cooking is finished? But, thank heaven, it is just possible that we are drifting into better times.

And, after all, it is very interesting to see how one state of human existence grows out of another—how they spring, how they blossom, and how they fade—giving place to something else, rich and strange, in the endless sequence of human history; and this new book, by Mr. Thomas Newbigging, on the Forest of Rossendale,* would be interesting to any readers; but it is, indeed, a valuable addition to the archæological stores of our county literature. It is written in a lucid style, thoroughly true to nature in its descriptive parts, and it evinces a genuine love of the work in hand, and ample knowledge of the details throughout. The historic parts of the book have, evidently, been delved for with great care, and they are arranged in admirable order. It is a volume that will grow in public estimation.

PETER SKELTON'S POLITICAL CREED.

EVEN the literature of a dead wall may become lively at election time. The dead walls of the neighbouring borough of Bury appear just now to have burst into a perfect efflorescence of spontaneous jocularity. The joke of the poster is the joke political. Sydney Smith has taught us long since that politics are not incompatible with an exuberance of humour, and it seems to be clear that the first General Election after Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill will afford argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest of indefinite longevity. For politics, as such, it is unnecessary to say that the Sphinx has only the irony of a passionless indifference. During immemorial centuries it has surveyed the waxing and waning of empires, with the serene calm of an Immortal, and beholds, unmoved, the small perturbations of the political ephemera of an afternoon. This is a circuitous way of saying, what everybody is aware of, that the Sphinx has no party politics. To come back to the borough of Bury. Bury has been long remarkable for its simnels. It is going to be no less remarkable for its parliamentary candidate. Mr. Peter Skelton has just issued an address to the electors of the borough of Bury. As we have said, that address has been posted on the walls of the borough, and moreover has appeared in the columns of the local newspapers. Sceptical persons having circulated a report to the effect that Mr. Peter Skelton's address is not genuine, that extraordinary politician advertises that—"The address is mine, and it is my intention to go to the poll." It was further advertised that at seven o'clock last Saturday, Mr. Peter Skelton would address the electors and non-electors on the Fair Ground, Bury, and the "members of the Bury and Elton Constitutional Association" were requested to "proceed fourteen abreast to the place of meeting."

Mr. Peter Skelton's address to the electors is original at any rate. It contrasts pleasantly with the colourless gibberish commonly used by parliamentary candidates, wherein the voter is puzzled to discover under which thimble lies the candidate's little pea of principle. The address of an imaginary candidate, invented a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is in this wise:—"Hear this you Cads of the borough of ——— I, your superior in every possible respect, am not unwilling to take the trouble of helping to govern you, and others like you, if you will do yourselves the honour to ask me; and if you have not the sense to do so, the more fools you." Mr. Peter Skelton's address is more agreeable, but not less candid. He sets forth that he has been presented with a "requisition, signed by 1400 members of the Working Men's Conservative Constitutional Association, to become a candidate at the forthcoming election." That looks like business. Mr. Peter Skelton announces that "Barkis is willin." He goes on to observe philosophically—"It is sometimes said that it is the early bird which catches the worm, so by being first in the field, I hope to obtain such support as will convince all opponents that it will be useless to fight against the people's candidate." The confusion of tongues which has lately come over the political world receives startling illustration from Mr. Peter Skelton's declaration of principles. Politicians look curiously at the "platform" of a candidate who has received a requisition signed by 1400 members of a "Working Men's Conservative Constitutional Association." Mr. Skelton disdains to obtain suffrages under false pretences, or to ask electors to buy a pig in a poke; and although he says that "my principles are well known," he proceeds to restate them with persuasive explicitness. "The Reform Act," he observes, with some historical accuracy, "has conferred upon the people the suffrage, and for the first time several thousands will have a voice in the election of a member of parliament. That they intend to use it is well shewn by 1400 independent voters having promised to support me." Everything can be tested if one only knew how to do it. The aristocracy of this highly favoured land will be reassured. Their visions of a turbulent democracy will vanish into thin air. The people intend to use the franchise, for they have promised to support Mr. Peter Skelton. With a prophetic glance at the possibility of parliamentary distinction making him giddy, Mr. Skelton admits that "high honours often turn men's heads, but mine was so fixed when I came into the world, that it will never turn round upon the people, but be true as the needle to the pole." Mr. Skelton must have been a rather inconvenient kind of baby to come into the world with a head that would'nt turn round. One would suppose that he would find some difficulty with a head endowed with so much physical obstinacy in taking a retrospective view of anything. At any rate he is a politician who will never look behind.

"The Reform Act," our candidate observes, "has unfortunately many defects, such as the personal payment of rates, the extinction of the compound householder, &c., and these I shall at once seek to remedy." Mr. Skelton will have none of your shilly-shallying, but he will remedy these defects "at once." "A redistribution of seats is greatly needed, for I could never see the justice of towns with small populations sending two members each, while large towns like Bury only send one." "The franchise," our candidate proceeds, "minus the power to freely exercise it without fear of suffering in business, or being turned out of house or off a farm, will in many cases be useless. I am therefore in favour of the ballot." Mr. Skelton says that "The expenditure for the army and navy is something awful, and I shall, if elected, use the pruning knife with much freedom, and though the good old tree, the B itish Constitution, may appear the less, it will be stronger, and go on flourishing like cedars of Lebanon." The authorities at the Horse Guards will be very glad to hear it. At present we imagine that in that quarter the British cedar of Lebanon is regarded as a very satisfactory specimen of arboriculture. Mr. Skelton arrives at last at the crucial question for the hustings—the Irish Church. It is interesting to learn what is said on this subject by a politician who has received a requisition from a Working Men's Conservative Constitutional Association. Mr. Skelton is a practical man. He makes no bones about it. He says that "As you may take a horse to water, but cannot make him drink, so you may give a State Church to Ireland, but the people won't have it. I go in therefore for disestablishing the Irish Church, and thus," he remarks poetically, "confer a boon on the Emerald Isle." Having thus conferred a boon on the Emerald Isle, Mr. Skelton has something to say about the English Church. "There is much room for reform here," he continues; "I would not disestablish it, but reform it." And he would reform it in this wise:—"If elected, I shall reduce the salaries of archbishops, bishops, rectors, &c., from £10,000, £5,000, &c., a year, to £500 a year, and thus save the nation a vast amount of money. There is many a curate receiving £60 a year who would be glad to be made a bishop with £500 a year, and do the work as well." This will be pleasant news to the Lords Spiritual, and we should fancy that if there are any curates in Bury, they will hasten to the poll and plump for their coming benefactor.

On the vexed question of the Permissive Bill, Mr. Peter Skelton is, perhaps, a trifle shaky:—"The Permissive Bill I cannot exactly vote for, as you know many persons like a good stiff glass." But he concludes, "I will give the matter my candid consideration." It is clear that amongst the Bury constituency a good stiff glass is held in no inconsiderable esteem. Only on this perilous subject of a Permissive Bill does our candidate speak in doubtful accents, and with the tone of a diplomatist. Mr. Skelton winds up with the question of Woman

* History of the Forest of Rossendale, by Thomas Newbigging, Member of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Bacup: T. Brown.

Suffrage. In this particular he could bear the scrutiny of Miss Lydia Becker. He puts the case with much felicity:—"As women who are householders pay rates, I would give them a vote. The ladies are called ministering angels, and no doubt they would nurse John Bull in a style that would please the old boy, and make him happy." The old boy would be difficult to please, indeed, if this kind of nursing did not gratify him.

Altogether, we should say that the borough of Bury is lucky in a candidate who is capable of surprising it. Mr. Peter Skelton is surely the oddest exponent of constitutional principles likely to be heard of during the current Parliamentary canvass. We should suppose that the party which he wants to represent would regard him with much the same kind of comical consternation that a hen which has hatched a brood of ducklings sees them taking to the water.

AT THE MOORFIELD GARDENS.

SALE, or possibly Brooklands, for we are not in a position accurately to distinguish the two, boasts a place of popular resort, Moorfield Gardens, with attractions somewhat resembling and probably meant to rival those of Belle Vue and the Pomona Gardens. The originator and the late proprietor was a Manchester tradesman, and was generally reputed to have displayed rather a large share of eccentricity in many of his actions. Historical legends declare the establishment of the Gardens to have been due not so much to a desire for profitable investment as for the satisfaction of personal pique, and, as far as in him lay, to disgust and annoy all who considered themselves his superiors in gentility or respectability. Whether this account is correct or not, it is certain that he succeeded in planting a thorn in the flesh of most of the highly moral inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Of course they did not calmly submit to the injury, but endeavoured as best they could to defend themselves. To this day a fierce fight on the subject of the granting of a spirit licence takes place. On the one side a miscellaneous assemblage is brought up, consisting of dependents and hangers on, general merchants, doing nothing in particular, those who sympathise with the proprietors from a common dislike of their neighbours, and a few who on conscientions grounds consider that the prayed-for boon should be conceded, all of whom with unanimous voice declare their profound and unalterable conviction, that to grant what is asked for can only result in good, and will have a perceptibly elevating effect on the whole village. The opposition produce equally numerous witnesses, who are as firmly convinced that such a course of action would destroy the only chance of keeping the place decently respectable, and the vicinity inhabitable. Hitherto the opposition have gained their point, and thirsty frequenters have to satisfy their desires without the assistance of such strong waters.

The gardens are not very extensive. Many of the striking features of their town rivals are absent. There is no boating. The wild animals and fireworks are only conspicuous by their absence. The distance from town, and the impossibility of remaining very late without considerable inconvenience, will probably have some effect on their popularity. But they possess at least one attraction, which such places as the Pomona Gardens can only attain very imperfectly, that is, a *bona fide* rusticity. The trees and shrubs are abundant and luxuriant, and the flowers are carefully tended and beautiful. The walks are as picturesque as the nature of the locality will admit, and the grass is as near an approach to its ancient colour as can be reasonably expected. Four days and nights out of the six the place is as quiet and deserted as its worst enemy could wish. The only visitors are an occasional lonely wedding party, whose members disport themselves on green mounds, make themselves unwell by swinging, or endeavour to keep themselves cheerful by singing plaintive melodies, and a few genteel residents who are anxious to see the Gardens, and are at least equally anxious not to be seen therein.

But though the air of the place is thus dull and unexciting during three-fourths of its existence, there are fixed times when this is all changed. Certain days of the week are devoted to proceedings much more lively and exhilarating. Then music and the dance assert their sway. The place in which these amusements are indulged in presents from the outside the appearance of a barn. Within it is a large well-lighted room, with walls adorned with the usual mirrors and paintings. At one end is a refreshment bar, to which frequent recourse is rendered necessary by the violence of the exercise and the heat of the season. At the other end is the orchestra, a sort of circular cave with a highly exciting forest back-ground. Connected with, and within hearing distance of the room, is an open-air platform, where in the afternoon and early evening the dancing takes place. Of all the features in the amusements, the most unmistakble, that which it is least possible to overlook, is the music. The musicians look like working gardeners in their best clothes. Their hair is plastered down till their faces seem oily and sleek. They have evidently taken to their art from love of it, and are in the most palpable sense self-made musicians. Nothing could be pleasanter or plainer than their satisfaction in the musical performances. We have heard more powerful music, and, on the whole, perhaps sweeter music, but, considering the number of instruments, we never heard anything louder or noisier. Nor do we remember ever to have heard music approaching anywhere near it in velocity. Music by steam would, we feel convinced, be nowhere. Every individual of the six or seven who form the band seems to be fired with an ambition to achieve two ends: First, to get to the end of the piece as long as possible before his next door neighbour,—time is in no other sense regarded,—and, secondly, each performer does his utmost to extinguish the sound of the others' instruments. All further considerations of tune are neglected. Once we thought that these peculiarities were owing, in some degree, to the excitement of the presence of a large and sympathetic body of dancers. But the last time we heard them, no such cause could possibly affect them. Though the dancing was sometimes confined to a single inebriated individual, who, to his own great delight, and to the edification of the lookers on, went unaided through quadrilles, polkas, and varsovianas, yet never was the divine afflatus more distinctly present to these distinguished instrumentalists. Owing, doubtless, to this extreme rapidity, complete exhaustion overcomes all but the strongest of the dancers at the end of every tune. The number of those who can live through the three dances which follow each other, is, of course, very small indeed.

The visitors to the place are, we fancy, quite up to the average of those who habitually look to such places for amusement. Most of them come from Manchester. But there is besides a large sprinkling of local people, chiefly servant maids and specimens of those who are known by courtesy as young gentlemen. This seeming peculiarity of classification is not accidental or careless. For it is a remarkable fact, that in no other association does the Sale young man more rejoice; nowhere is he happier and more at home than in the company in which we have placed him. And still more remarkable the Sale young lady likes him not a whit the less for the open and unblushing acknowledgement of his peculiarity.

THE INDEPENDENTS' COURT OF APPEAL.

At the last Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union, the subject of a Court of Appeal or Presbytery to settle the very frequent quarrels among the Independents was discussed with great animation, and the non-existence of some such tribunal was much regretted. Meanwhile, the Congregation of the New Windsor Chapel, Pendleton, has adopted one which was not discussed in the Union, viz.—the New Bailey Police Court. On Tuesday summonses were issued against six members of the Rev. T. G. Lee's Congregation, and by and by we are likely to hear more from this new Court of Appeal erected by the Independents. If the action of the New Bailey is satisfactory, perhaps the next Meeting of the Union will adopt it as the Court of Appeal most suitable for reproof and correction of erring Congregationalists.

GOOD WORK IN A BAD CAUSE.—Jimmy'S-toyle in the *Grand Duchess*.

THE REAL PERMANENT WAY.—The way railway companies ill-treat the public.

FEATHER-BED HEROISM.—The leap for life at the Prince's.

TENNYSON AND THE QUEEN.

THIS, or something like it, is the title of an article which has been copied from a Berlin paper, and is now going the round of ours. Why our journalists should print such rubbish, is a puzzle, and argues, probably, one or other of three things—either they are short of "copy," or sub-editors are not so wise as they are reputed to be, or their estimate of the English reading public is a low one. The article pretends to be a report of a conversation between the Queen and Mr. Tennyson, and, if true, could only have been furnished by one or other of them. Our business is not with the conversation itself, which, silly as it is, we cannot prove to be untrue, but with the account of the circumstances under which the conversation took place. This we shall shew to be false in several particulars and ridiculous in others, and, perhaps, throw some light upon the report of the conversation itself, to help confiding readers to form their own estimate of the probable amount of truth contained in it. The article opens with some absurd talk of the Queen's disquietude on hearing that Mr. Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* was thought to favour immorality, and how she consulted first an eminent clergyman on the subject, and then the lady who is supposed to have sat for the portrait of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*. Both Lady Clara and the clergyman condemned the poem, Lady Clara thus paying off a grudge she had long owed Mr. Tennyson, for "the poetical rejection of an aristocratic coquette, who had cast her nets after the poet when he was still a very young man." Her Majesty was not satisfied, and thought she had better consult the poet himself.

"She therefore extended her drive along the seashore that very afternoon beyond its usual length, and ordered the coachman to drive further west. Osborne, the Queen's country seat on the Isle of Wight, is rather distant from the house of the poet, who lives likewise on that island; but no distance is very considerable there, and the roads all over the island are excellent. She soon after saw the poet's house, which lies in the middle of a small grove of pines and firs, peering forth between the verdure and foliage around it. The Queen was accompanied by two of her daughters. When she perceived Tennyson's form in his garden—his long hair and full beard caused her to recognise him at a glance—she entrusted her sketch-book and the metal box in which she gathered flowers and plants for her herbarium to the princesses, and walked alone to the low garden gate, whither Tennyson had already hastened to meet her. She did not want to enter his house, but, walking with him along the shore, she explained to him what had disquieted her in regard to his poem, on the beauties of which she dwelt with that refined appreciation which is said to be peculiar to her. The two thus walked along the high western shore—at their feet the blue sea, upon which many white sails, like scattered blackthorn blossoms, were scudding, while the neighbouring hedges resounded with the merry chirping of the robin redbreast and the wren, and innumerable seaguls, screeching, circled round the steep cliffs. At last a bundle of faggots, obstructing the pathway, arrested their progress. A light-haired, blue-eyed girl of ten or twelve years was standing beside it, not a little frightened at not having shouldered her burden yet; for, like all islanders, she knew the Queen, and to have obstructed the path to the graveyard, before the entrance of which lay her fagots, seemed the more unfortunate to her, as the high road, owing to its muddy condition on that day, could not be used by pedestrians. Tennyson assisted the little girl in binding and shouldering her bundle of fagots; the Queen asked her name—it was Anna—and gave her a piece of money, and the happy girl went slowly on her way."

"Osborne, the Queen's country seat, *is* rather distant from the house of the poet"—nearly twenty miles—so, to make this morning call, Her Majesty had to drive forty miles! "She soon after saw the poet's house." Begging the Berlin gentleman's pardon, she didn't, for "the poet's house" is closely surrounded by trees, and defies any one geting a glimpse of it, till they have passed between the lodge gates, and are within a few paces of the front door. The writer of these remarks spent three days at Freshwater last June, and tried hard to get a sight of it, walking along every road thereabouts, as well as every piece of ground open to the public, and he never got a glimpse of even one of its chimneys. "The two thus walked along the high western shore." There is very little shore at Freshwater, and what there is, is neither high nor western, but, on the contrary, low and southern, and, moreover, very uncomfortable walking, being composed of large pebbles, and loose shingle "Obstructed the path to the graveyard." The shore on which Tennyson and the Queen are walking doesn't extend very far—perhaps, a couple of hundred yards, or so, both ways, where it is abruptly stopped by the chalk cliffs, jutting out into the sea. It might lead you to your grave—a watery one—but never lead you to any churchyard. The only churchyard in that neighbourhood is inland, a mile from the shore, in Freshwater village.

"And then looking around, she added, 'It is a pity that your Philip had not likewise a namesake here; people would not be long in believing that the two heroes of your poem are buried here, and they would, maybe, lay the scene of your whole poem in the shade of these walnut trees.'"

"Walnut trees" on the shore at Freshwater! How absurd this must appear to any one who has ever been at the place. There are no trees, nor shrubs of any kind on that shore. A pebbly beach, chalk cliffs, and above them bare downs—that is the character of the shore at Freshwater. To revert to two passages in our first quotation. The Berlin reporter says: "When she perceived Tennyson's form in the garden, she walked alone to the low garden gate." Now there is no low garden gate on Mr. Tennyson's premises. The only means of entrance are by the lodge gates or the back door. Mr. Tennyson keeps himself thoroughly secluded. His grounds and gardens are surrounded by either a high steep bank with thick fence atop or high walls, so to see him in his garden from the outside her Majesty would have to go up in a balloon.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

MR. JOHN DOUGLAS COOK, the founder, and for thirteen years the editor of the *Saturday Review*, died last week at his chambers, in the Albany, Piccadilly, London. Few men of our time have wielded a more direct or powerful influence, not only upon current political opinion, but on the actual management of public affairs; and yet his name was scarcely known beyond the circle of his own immediate acquaintance, and that of the inner political and literary life of the metropolis. Many readers of the *Saturday Review*, as they read their brilliant and influential journal—more brilliant and powerful during its first ten years than during the past three—have doubtless imagined in their own minds that the editor must be some saturnine and brooding cynic who dwelt apart from men, looking down upon their prejudices and ignorance with the contemptuous pity of a pagan deity. Considering the position he filled, Mr. Cook certainly lived a very private and secluded life; but within the range of his friendships, and almost every acquaintance was made to feel as a friend, no one could be conceived more cordial and hearty in his geniality and warmth of heart. Of late years he had established his country quarters at Tintagel, in Cornwall, and during the summer season his house was always full of guests. Nothing delighted him more than to be surrounded with friends, and nowhere could there be found a host more affectionately considerate and engrossed in plans for his guests' comfort and pleasure. It was always a curious but delightful surprise for a stranger who had prepared himself for an interview with the Rhadamantine editor of the great critical *Review*, to meet a frank, hearty, kindly old man in the dreaded personage. Mr. Cook was essentially strong in mother wit, and "wise without the schools." His discrimination of literary talent was singularly keen, and not only quick, but it had the unerring faculty of instinct. He seemed to be able, by a sort of intuitive perception, to tell whether a contributor really understood what he was writing about. Nor was his discernment limited to an appreciation of mature and cultivated talent. No one was so quick to detect the promise in the bud, and, to his credit, be it said, so generously ready to welcome and encourage its unfolding. Thus, his faculty of selection, though in one sense critical, was also creative. Those who infer, from the authority with which the *Review* speaks, that its contributors are all men of mark, celebrated scholars, novelists, statesmen, heads of colleges, would be surprised to know how often the crack article of a number has been the production of some unknown author in whom the editor has discerned a power of which the possessor himself was perhaps only dimly conscious. Only those who are behind the scenes of journalism know how difficult it is to get men to write on the subjects which they best understand, and in the style that suits them best. In literature, as on the stage, there are tragedians always wanting to relax their faces into the grin of comedy, and drolls who are dying to show off on the Cothurnus. No one was so ready as Mr. Cook to

acknowledge that the success of the *Review* was due to the able men around him. But then it was he who brought them together; and in the development and exhibition of their ability he had no inconsiderable share. Mr. Cook first showed his masterly powers as an editor, by the resuscitation, for a time, of the *Morning Chronicle*. But though he achieved wonders with that almost defunct journal, he could never altogether surmount the distrust and disfavour which years of inefficiency had created around it. He accordingly projected the *Saturday Review*, taking over the bulk of the writers who had assisted him, to give a fitful brilliance to the declining days of the *Chronicle*. The *Saturday* was a hazardous experiment, and progress was at first so slow that some of the original promoters lost heart. In three or four years, however, the tide had turned, and the success of the *Review* was thenceforward rapid and complete. We have spoken of Mr. Cook's appreciation of youthful talent and capacity for developing it. On the *Chronicle* he may be said to have brought out Mr. Angus Reach, Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. Louis Jennings (afterwards *Times* correspondent in New York during the most critical part of the political struggle which followed the civil war). Mr. James Hannay and Mr. William Howard Russell were also for awhile engaged on it. It was under Mr. Cook, on the *Chronicle*, that Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, now Q.C., and one of the ablest contributors to the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, first tried his 'prentice hand in leader writing. Among the younger writers identified with the *Saturday Review* may be named Mr. Vernon Harcourt (Historicus), Mr. Charles Austin, the *Times* correspondent in Abyssinia, Mr. John Morley of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. F. Palgrave, Mr. Hamilton, the art critic, and many more. Like most successful men, Mr. Cook was devoted to his occupation. He lived for the *Review*, and knew hardly any relaxation away from it. Although the painful disease which produced atrophy, that in its ghastly emaciation prefigured death, cannot be directly attributed to his labours, there can be no doubt that overwork shortened his days. For a year or two he had been obliged to suspend his usual close attention to the paper, but never relaxed his hold on its management. He clung to his work to the very end, and the number of the *Saturday* published two days before his death was "made up" by himself. He was at home to contributors at his chambers, in the Albany, up to the last, and the *Review* for weeks and months to come will bear the impression of his stimulating and suggestive talk. Although he was himself far from defective in judgment, the *Review* has shown occasionally weakness on that score, but this arose from Mr. Cook's strong sympathy with, and appreciation of, cleverness, and his reluctance to reject an incisive and ably-written article, even when it ran counter in some degree to his own views. It is a proof of Mr. Cook's independence that though Mr. Beresford Hope, a conservative, has been from the first the chief proprietor of the paper, and the present Lord Salisbury (Mr. Hope's brother-in-law) was, till lately, a frequent and naturally influential contributor, the *Review* has always been decidedly Liberal in its politics, if somewhat unsparing on Mr. Gladstone's personal weakness. No arrangement has yet been come to for a successor to Mr. Cook; but Mr. Saunders, author of a work on Roman law, is talked of as probably the future editor of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Main, formerly on the staff of the paper, and now a member of the Governor-General's Council at Calcutta, whose period of judicial service will shortly expire, is also mentioned in connection with the post. Mr. Cook was buried on Saturday at Tintagel.

PENSARN FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

Sir,—Your correspondent, "W. M.," has written you a letter calculated very seriously to mislead such of your readers as have not yet taken their summer holidays, and are still debating the anxious question, "Where shall we go?" From my own experience, and as a disinterested person in all respects, I can say confidently that such of your readers as go to Pensarn (or Abergele), relying on the correctness of the *couleur de rose* sketch which has appeared in your columns, will infallibly meet with disappointment. Pensarn is as thoroughly uninteresting a village as one could well imagine. It has one street, and that is built up on both sides. The backs of the houses on one side of the street obstruct the view of the sea, which might else be commanded by the others, and a miscellaneous lot of out-buildings stand between the beach and any of the houses available for visitors. The railway is in about as awkward a position as could have been chosen, for the line runs directly upon the beach, and the romance and retirement of the seaside are destroyed by the bustling activity of a railway station always under your very nose. There is no pier, no promenade, no company. How many visitors Pensarn may command in the height of the season, I cannot say; but when I paid my last visit, in June, there were, certainly, not more than twenty. Last week I passed through twice, on my way to and from Llandudno, and on the Saturday afternoon (which should be a good time for judging), there were about fourteen people on the beach. When I was there, in June, there were seldom more than five at any one time. Pensarn, it will thus be seen, is no rival to the watering places usually frequented by Manchester people. There is no accommodation provided, or any attempt made to consult the comfort of visitors. The *two* seats, even, are not placed where they would be most used, but at an out-of-the-way corner of the beach. There is no amusement to be had, generally speaking, either in Pensarn or at Abergele. There is no band, and I should not suppose that the place holds out any inducement for the visit of even a troupe of coloured minstrels. All that the visitor can do *at* Pensarn is, to take his meals, and afterwards to sit upon the hard stones, or upon his own chair, on the beach. As regards the facilities the place affords for visiting the chief scenes of interest in North Wales, I consider they can exist only in the mind of your correspondent, and the residents of Pensarn who let apartments during the season. The circular tour which is instanced by "W. M." could, certainly, have been more easily performed from many other places (Llandudno itself, for example) than from Pensarn. Gwrych Castle is notably a sham, and can be as well seen in passing by the railway, as by a week's residence in the neighbourhood.

This, then, is what a visitor must expect at Pensarn—a small village, with no claims to the picturesque; plenty of good and pure sea air; but none of the usual attractions of a watering place. If the visitor goes in search of health, as I did, and content to obtain that, and that only, then he will very likely return, as I did, thoroughly satisfied with Pensarn. It is only when I see the place puffed in the guide-book style, that I enter my protest in defence of the public, because a visit made upon the strength of "W. M.'s" highly-coloured description can result, as I have said, only in disappointment.—Yours very sincerely,

G. S.

USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

Character, Reputation.—These words are not synonyms, but they are too generally used as such. How commonly do we hear it said that such and such a man "bore a very bad character in his vicinity," the speaker meaning that the man was of bad repute in his neighbourhood. We know very little of each other's characters; but reputations are well known to us, except our own. *Character*, meaning first a figure or letter engraved, means secondarily those traits which are peculiar to any person or thing. Reputation is the result of character. Character is the sum of individual qualities; reputation, what is generally thought of character, as far as it is known. Character is like an inward and spiritual grace, of which reputation is, or should be, the outward and visible sign. A man may have a good character and a bad reputation, or a bad character and good reputation; although, to the credit of human nature, which, with all its weakness, is not ignoble, the latter is more common than the former.

Marry.—There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The mode of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years, we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith *with* Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith *and* Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed, what is meant by any one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous uses of language. Properly speaking, a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor are a man and a woman married with each other. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except indeed, as all attachment is necessary mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—it is the woman who is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony, it is proper to say that he married her (*duxit in matrimoniam*) and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith. The etymology of the word agrees entirely with the conditions of the act which it expresses. To marry is to give or be given to a husband, *mari*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

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TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I again respectfully present myself to you as a candidate for the representation of my native city in Parliament.

That in so short a time as three weeks nearly 11,000 electors should have signed a requisition pledging themselves to do all in their power to secure my return is a circumstance unprecedented in the history of our elections, and affords a striking proof of the reality of political convictions in Manchester.

Without attaching a personal significance to this manifestation of your opinion, an explanation is easy. The contest of last winter has impressed you with the belief that in me you have a sound and honest Liberal, not afraid to express his own political views, whilst he respects the rights and feelings of others; and you probably also think that my commercial connection with the prosperity of this city affords a guarantee for my attention to your local wants and interests.

If I mistake not, the country is determined that the State Church in Ireland—the last badge of conquest and ascendency—shall cease to exist in that country as an Establishment, and assume the position she has so long occupied in Scotland, and now occupied in the colonies. If we had forced our religious convictions upon the inhabitants of India, or if the inhabitants of Scotland had not freed themselves from the Episcopal Church, so alien to their religious instincts, both India and Scotland would at this moment have been as discontented with English rule as Ireland herself.

I am an attached member of the Church of England, and in favour of the union of Church and State in this country—where that union is real, and based upon the willing assent of the nation; but, in my humble opinion, to talk of the English and Irish Church standing and falling together is to echo a false cry, highly dangerous to both.

Mr. Gladstone proposes to secure to Ireland the fabric of her cathedrals and churches, her glebe houses, and all private endowments, as well as carefully to respect all existing rights, and to deal only with the future. In the interests of peaceful government, I earnestly hope that these terms will be accepted, and that we shall hear no more of levelling up, nor of universal religious endowment.

Education, both in its higher departments in our universities and in its primary forms in our elementary schools, must become truly national and efficient, with equal rights and privileges for all; but I am not prepared to sanction a system of compulsory education, enforced by the policeman or inspector, until it has been shown that the institution of local boards and local machinery have failed in their objects. Place education within reach of the masses, which has never yet been done, and the boon will be accepted for its own sake.

A real and business-like economy has to be enforced upon the Government, not only by a direct reduction of taxation, but also by a thorough departmental reform, especially in our huge naval and military establishments, so that every pound of expenditure shall represent twenty shillings of efficiency.

The vexatious, and in its practical effect, the cruel restrictions on the exercise of the franchise embodied in the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill, must be expunged from the statute book. A vote once granted should be free, and not attended by penalties based on a sham principle. The idea of a personal payment of rates was dropped as untenable, and its operation survives only in a shape which, together with the abolition of rate compounding, is productive of the greatest inconvenience and heartburning amongst the labouring classes.

I am not opposed to working men's associations. Capital expressed by labour and capital in money have co-equal rights, and their interests are mutual. Preferential protection of either would be unjust. But I have never been able to understand why the funds of trade unions established and employed for legal purposes should be placed beyond the pale of the law, and be subjected to the depredations of dishonest officials. No question of our time more imperatively demands that both sides should be heard than that connected with the labour market and the capital which is to employ that labour; and if I have the honour to become one of the representatives of this great industrial community, my earnest endeavours will be given towards the solution of these problems.

I have never liked the principle of secret voting, especially when the restricted franchise heretofore in operation made every voter as it were the trustee and representative of many of his neighbours. Now that a vote is placed within the reach of the great body of the people, this objection has become correspondingly weakened, and the mechanical conveniencies of the ballot, which are indisputable, may with propriety be considered in future legislation. The true remedy for intimidation, however, is to be found in the comparative equalisation of constituencies, and it seems to me a great reflection on our legislation, and on public opinion itself if we cannot protect a man in the exercise of his vote whilst he records it in the light of day.

Sanitary reform, and the prevention of avoidable sources of mortality—fortunately for the happiness of mankind—greatly occupy public attention, and have naturally engaged much of my time in the earlier part of my life, and I hope the knowledge thus gained may be useful.

Such, gentlemen, are my political principles, which, being honestly entertained, will be honestly advocated. It is impossible, and if possible, it would be undesirable, that all minor differences should be merged in a stagnant uniformity of opinion. Out of discussion and conflict come truth and advancement, and I am sure the electors of Manchester will pardon the length at which I have endeavoured to lay before them the grounds of my political faith, desiring as I do, above all things, that there shall be no concealment as to my views.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

Portland-street, Aug. 11, 1868. MITCHELL HENRY.

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LIBERALS are requested to refer to the new BOROUGH and COUNTY Lists, which may be seen at the offices of the National Reform Union, in order to see if they are duly registered.

Those finding their names OMITTED, but who are duly qualified to be registered for Counties or Boroughs, are urged to claim immediately.

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ELECTORS! MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!!

The late House of Commons contained the following

WAR MEMBERS:

Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and Captains ..	176
Colonels, Lieutenants, Cornets, and others ..	46
Admirals, Generals, and Major-Generals	9
Supporters of War by distinct avowal	51
Other War Officials	7
Total Direct War supporters....	289

There were also,

Of Independent Gentlemen	146
,, Merchants, Manufacturers, &c.	120
,, Barristers, and other Legal Members	101

Of the 146 Independent Gentlemen, fully one-half were in favour of a large War Expenditure, in addition to many others not connected with the "services." The War voting power of that House was not less than 400 members, or more than

HALF OF THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF COMMONS!

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